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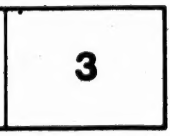

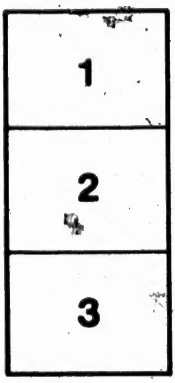

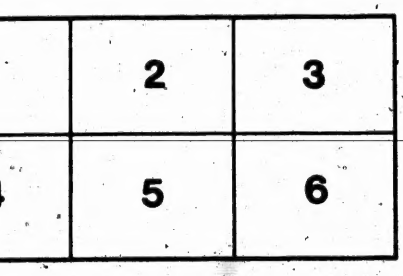

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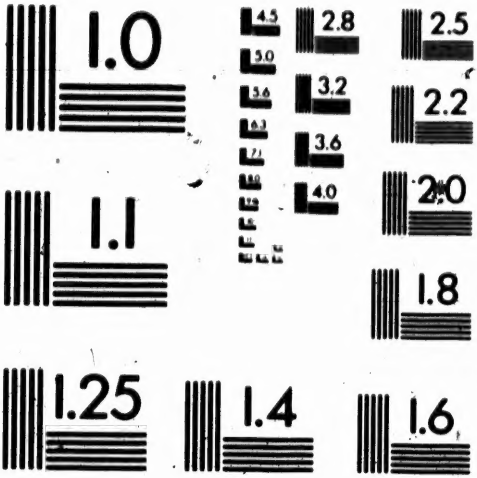

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Battle
of
Benghazi

A

This in

THE

BATTLE OF

AUGHRIM;

OR,

THE FALL OF

MONSIEUR ST. RUTH.

This memorable battle was fought on the 12th July, 1691.

MONTREAL:
PRINTED BY JOHN CORCORAN,
10, BLEURY STREET.

1843.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

MEN.

Baron de Ginckle, General of the English.

Marquis Ruvigny, Gen. Talmish, Gen. Mackay, Col. Herbert, } Generals in the English Army.

Col. Earles, } English Colonels.

Monsieur St. Ruth, General of the Irish.

Sarsfield Lord Lucan, Gen. Dorington, } Irish Generals.

Col. Talbot, Col. Gordon O'Neil, } Irish Colonels.

Sir Charles Godfrey, { A young English gentleman of fortune, in love with Col. Talbot's daughter, and a volunteer in the Irish army.

WOMEN.

Jemima—Col. Talbot's Daughter.

Lucinda—Wife to Col. Herbert.

With officers, soldiers, messengers, guards and attendants.

Scene—The Irish Camp, near Athlone.

BR
822.6
A71

THE

BATTLE OF AUGHRIM.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Scene—A Camp.

The play opens with a martial sound of kettle-drums and trumpets behind the scenes, after which the curtain goes up and discovers St. Ruth, Lord Sarsfield, and Col. Gordon O'Neil, all sitting in council; they rise and come forward.

ST. RUTH.

Secure, brave Sarsfield, in our camp we lie,
And from our lines the British force defy;
Tho' in their cause both Dutch and Danes do join,
To boast their dear bought conquest of the Boyne.
From yonder hill, my Lord, I can survey
Some great rejoicing in their camp to-day.
For in the air I could behold afar,
Their ensigns wavering in the pomp of war,
Their cannon firing and a smoak arise,
As with their acclamations reach the skies.
Believe me, sir, these whiggish winds do bring
Some lying packet from their orange king,
The vicious allies do some fort invest,
Or else the fleet has cannonaded Brest.
But let their arms in Flanders so proceed,
By us the fam'd Hibernia shall be freed.
Our Fleur de Luce and Harp we will display
To fright those wolves and lions' cubs away;
These non-contemners, that pollute the soil,
And grow both fat and wanton with our spoil:

Your [illegible] great Lewis, anxious of the land,
Hath sent me here your army to command.
SARS.—We stand indebted to the Christian king,
Next, sir, to you, who do those succours bring.
[Bowing.
Long may you live in martial pomp to wield
A hero's sword, the truncheon or the shield:
You see your king and race of priests are sent
With all their relics into banishment.
Our state is sunk and now on every side
The Pope and Triple crown are both deny'd.
Our foe, the Metropolitan command,
And all the power is wrested from our hands:
No garrison we hold to call our own,
But Limerick, Galway, and stout Athlone;
Which you, my lord, have seen from yonder ground
With British forces quite beleagur'd round;
From whence our letters say that every morn
They stand in danger of a general storm.
O'NEIL.—Fear not, my lord, but scorn the revolution,
And like great Cato, smile at persecution
When that great Roman found his aged hand
No longer could defend his native land,
Against himself the fatal sword he drew,
And with it pierc'd his guiltless body through.
Then let us, sirs, like him disdain to fly,
But dig our graves in honor ere we die,
Or like true honest souls, retrieve our liberty.
ST. RUTH.—These spoke the genius of the commonweal,
A thought so noble suits the great O'Neil;
Thy predecessors with heroic fame,
Once quell'd Erthugises, the haughty Dane.
When he in triumph lay incamp'd between

The hill of Tarah and the lofty Skreen ;
They cross'd the Boyne, and in the dead of night,
Slew all his guards and put his troops to flight.
Laid some as tigers weltering all in gore,
And drove the remnant to their frozen shore.
Thus, like brave souls, by one courageous stroke,
They freed Hibernia from the Dutch yoke ;
Then shall a soul like yours be kept in awe
By England's power or the proud Nassau ?
No—stay—his crown shall fall———
Nay, his dominions moulder by degrees,
As leaves in autumn with ring off the trees ;
James shall return and with great pomp restore
Our Roman worship to the land once more,
And drown these heretics in crimson gore.

SARS.—When that day comes, which I most wish to see,
We'll strip the branches from the orange tree.
Lop down his boughs, while this true Irish hand,
Shall scourge these English vipers off the land ;
Then shall our monks and jesuits all return,
And holy incense on our altars burn,
Whose arduous smoke shall penetrate the air.

A horn sounds within.

ST. RUTH—Hark ! a post arrives who does some message bear.

Enter a Post.

POST—With important news from Athlone I'm sent,
Be pleased to shew me to the general's tent.

SARS.—Behold the general there your message tell,

ST. RUTH.—Declare your message, are our friends all well ?

POST—Pardon me, sir, the fatal news I bring,

Like [illegible] every heart shall sting,
Athlone is lost without your timely aid;
At six this morning an assault was made,
When under shelter of the British cannon
Their grenadiers in armour took the Shannon,
Led by brave Captain Sandys, who with fame
Plung'd to his middle in the rapid stream:
He led them thro' and with undaunted ire,
He gain'd the bank in spite of all our fire;
Being bravely followed by his grenadiers,
Tho' bullets flew like hail about their ears,
And by this time they enter uncontrol'd.

St. Ruth—Dare all the force of England be so bold
To attempt to storm so brave a town when I,
With all Hibernia's sons of war are nigh?
Return; and if the Britons dare pursue,
Tell them St. Ruth is near, and that will do.

Post—Your aid would do much better than your name.

St. Ruth—Bear back this answer, friend, from whence you came. [Exit Post.

Sars—Send speedy succours and their fate prevent,
You know not yet what Britons dare attempt,
I know the English fortitude is such,
To boast of nothing, tho' they heard much,
No force on earth their fury would repel,
Nor would they fly from all the devils in hell.

St. Ruth—Name him no more, my lord, but pray forbear,
I would not aid them by my name I swear;
'Tis but a scoff, a ridicule to my,
Would I outbrave them in the victory,
Dare British force attempt to make them yield,

When as the sultan I command the field?

SARS—Boast not, my lord, but rather take a view,
Of what these Britons did in France subdue;
See what their Edward did on Cressy plain,
Or where at Poitiers he the field did gain;
Then tell me would these Britons fear your name?
Tho' I'm their foe, I must espouse so far
The English honor is the fates of war;
To say with glory they would rather die,
Ere they with shame would from [illegible] fly.

Enter Col. Talbot.

ST. RUTH—Brave Col. Talbot, thy victorious hand
Nurtur'd in arts of war can best command,
Thou Irish Scipio, let your word atone,
Pronounce your thought, say shall we aid Athlone?

TALB—Pardon me, sir, I fear 'tis past your aid,
For on a rising ground I now survey'd
The British standard on the walls display'd;
No further confirmation need you crave,
The town is lost which you denied to save.

SARS—Now see, my lord, what English hearts can do.

ST. RUTH—They dare not, sir, the news cannot be true.

TALB—'Tis true, by heaven! you'll find it to your loss.
I've seen the walls o'erspread with George's cross,
And with remorse, just as a pointed dart
Shot from a thunder-bolt, is piero'd my heart;
This I behold and heard the cannon roar,
I turned my back, and would behold no more.

Enter Major General Dorrington

DOR.—Misfortune, death, and horror! Oh the grief!

Athlone is lost and now is past relief,
The flying soldiers from the town do run,
And now for shelter to the woods are gone.

ST. RUTH.—Then it is surely taken past a doubt.
Haste order my guards to march and beat them out.

SARS.—Easily said could they as soon obey,
We'd make the soldiers for their entrance pay;
But yet I fear, in an unlucky hour
They will not fly from you nor all your power.

DON.—The works that face our camp are yet entire,
And now their guns against our tents do fire;
Except we straight decamp by your command
There's not a tent in all our lines can stand.

ST. RUTH.—Then loiter not but sound to arms on sight,
Decamp and march to Milton pass to-night,
And in good order all to Aughrim fly,
For there's the spot on which I chose to die,
Or by the dint of sword my fortune try.
Haste, see the tents struck with care and all things done,
And draw them off without the beat of drum.

Exeunt Dorrington, Talbot and O'Neil.

SARS.—Be calm, my soul, the swelling speed assuage,
And curb the boiling madness of my rage;
Now let the earth be in a chaos hurl'd,
While earthquakes rent and overthrow the world;
Let gloomy vapours veil the dusky sky,
And let all mankind sink beneath despair;
Let Sol and Cynthia now withdraw their light,
And let the stars no longer rule the night,
But let the course of nature be extinguish'd quite.

O heaven! Athlone is lost, that lovely seat,
The pride of empire and the throne of state,
Thy sons are slaughtered, and thy walls betray'd
Because that traitor would not send thee aid;
But I'll revenge the wrong and he shall fall,
The crime is great, though the revenge is small.
[Draws.
Come, draw——and let your sword afford your
heart relief.

St. Ruth—Consider, Sarsfield, I am here our
chief.
Your country's ruin would attend our strife.

Sars—No thought but that could save your life;
[Puts up.
That binds my sword, or by the I——I swear,
I'd send your soul to wallow in despair.

St. Ruth—You'd send my soul! there I con-
jure you hold,
For know proud traitor you are now too bold;
Detested from my camp you shall be driven,
Without the hopes of finding aid from heaven.

Sars—You dare not drive me, nor I won't obey,
Yet know, cursed mongrel, here I will not stay;
I'll quit your camp, then shall you surely find
There's not an Irish soul will stay behind,
Then with a remnant of my chosen band,
I'll drive your frog devourers off the land.
My eyes, like basilisks, shall dart you through,
Then will I next the British power subdue;
Without your aid I will their force defeat,
To free my country and my lost estate.
Mean while, let vengeance war, and public shame,
Trace your damn'd self, your country, and your
name. [Exit.

St. Ruth, solus.

St. Ruth—Insulted and chandon'd! O ye gods,
Did ever man meet such unequal odds!
Sent by the king to love a stubborn crew,
Who with perdition would my life pursue;
But hold, my heart dispel these timorous fears,
For lo! O'Neil and Dorrington appears.

Enter Dorington, Talbot and O'Neil.

O'Neil—Your orders are obey'd, my lord, the right
Detachment of your horse is out of sight,
Your left the centre, and the royal train,
Are on their march and have forsook the plain.

St. Ruth—Success attend 'em, but O'Neal I fear,
The boist'rous surges of our fate in near,
A gleam of horror does my vitals damp,
I fear Lord Lucan has forsook our camp.

O'Neil—great heaven forbid the hero should desert,
The thought like lightning blasts me to the heart;
As I rode through our lines to move this way,
He marshall'd forth his troops in bright array,
And with a smile which spake his inward worth,
He boldly bid them spread his banners forth;
This, sir, I heard; the next his sword he drew,
Mounted his steed, and bid them all pursue
Their country's freedom, and its soils redeem
From servile bonds—but he found I seen,
His forward inclinations every way.
He waved his arm aloft and bid me stay,
To join his party; time will show the rest.

St. Ruth—The opus like rushing torrents have
doing'd my breast.
But haste, O'Neil, my friend, and overtake
His rash resolves, and for the country's sake,

To his great [illegible] [illegible] they,
Intreat him, [illegible] [illegible] go;
Bring him to [illegible], [illegible] your [illegible],
When we are [illegible] [illegible] itself.
Do this brave [illegible] [illegible] night;
Whilst to the rest I will [illegible] [illegible] night.

Exeunt Sir Hall, Lovington, [illegible].

TALB. Should he depart, in powers I will not stay,
But like Lord Sydney, bear my [illegible] away.
Confound the [illegible], and I do retire,
And set Olympus on a flame of fire,
For sure the gods our ruin do desire.

Enter Sir Charles Godfrey.

SIR CHAR. By the account she gave this must be he.
Behold a stranger humble and humbly pray.
That you would [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

He being dead, I was of friends bereft,
And she is wedded, as I now must own,
To Colonel Herbert, now before Athlone.
Thither was I going when by chance I spied,
Thy daughter sitting by a forest side;
I stood amazed and view'd her o'er and o'er,
And as I view'd, alas! I loved the more.
She seemed to charming to my ravish'd eyes,
That mighty Pone hovering from the skies,
Drawn by her Peacocks through the liquid air,
Must yield her throne to one so killing fair.

TALB.—Eloquence well turn'd: young Marcus what remains?

SIR CHAR.—Her beneficious charms have set my heart on flames.
When on my knees I did for mercy sue,
Nor answer was I must appeal to you.
Then, ambition if mercy is confin'd,
Within the dimates of a warrior's mind,
I must [illegible] her heavenly charms
I'll quest her in the field by deeds of arms,
In spite of death and all its loud alarms.

TALB.—Thy suit shall be accepted, gallant youth,
Let me inform our general St. Ruth,
If he resist to you, then I pawn my oath,
Win her, she shall be yours, and bless ye both.

SIR CHAR.—How shall my gratitude reward your care.

TALB.—Follow to Aughrim, for we stand it there;
By force of war make good your rightful claim,
And wreaths of laurel for our monarch gain.

SIR CHAR.—Now like the mariner, I leave the shore
And put to sea in search of golden ore,

Thro' boist'rous surges plow the troubled main
Midst rocks and tempests, and last attain
A bay of love and pleasure for my pain.

[Exeunt.

End of the first Act.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Scene—The plain of Angarim at five in the morning. The Irish Camp and the Castle of Angarim appearing at a distance.

Enter Jemima, who sits down and sings.

I.

Ye gods look down and see a maid,
By cruel fortune thus betray'd,
A sacrifice to fate;
A youth I love, and he is brave,
Like mighty Mars, ordain'd to save,
But yet to captivate.

II.

Come all you simples who ever knew,
What Cupid or his dart could do,
Give ear unto my mean;
Pity my pain, ye maids, and know
I love but cannot tell him so,
Then melt each heart of stone.

III.

Immortal gods some pity show,
On constant lovers here below,
Whom dangers do surround;
Let them at last when all is clear,
Enjoy their love and only dear,
And let their joys abound.

IV.

But if the powers do decree,
That I must lose my liberty,

Distracted will I run
To seek some dismal fatal grove,
There fall a victim for my love,
And so be quite undone.

[She rises, and comes forward.

Hail! sweet Hibernia, hospitable Isle,
More rich than Egypt with her flowing Nile;
Fair garden of the earth, thy fragrant plains
Are seats of war; and thy sweet parting streams
All run with blood, and vengeance seems to trace
The shining remnant of Hibernia's race.

Enter Sir Charles Godfrey.

Sir Char.—See how fair Venus, like the breaking morn,
With virgin blushes does the plain adorn,
The gleamy damps of night she does controul,
And darts her rays to cheer my drooping soul;
Oh! my Jemima, listen while I say
The news I bring shall bless the breaking day;
Appollo rises from his eastern seat
To crown these joys my tongue can scarce repeat.

Jem.—What joy is this, sir knight, you would impart?

Sir Char.—Such as have raised a sun shine in my heart:
Thy gallant sire hath granted all thy charms,
With all thy heaven to these transported arms.

Jem.—Oh! name not joys like those for heaven's sake.
What is not love, nay fortune, both abstake?
You see my country's fate reduced so low,
To try a gamester's chance for one poor throw.

Sir Char.—Let not a thought so vain as this perplex
The brightest star of all the beautiful sex,
For if your country should in danger be,
By heaven! I swear I'd die to set it free;
Inspir'd by you, I'll rush against my fate,
Like Saladine and all our foes defeat;
Then, fairest on the earth, do not despair,

For heaven, who formed yours distinctly fair,
Will make your safety its peculiar care.

JEM.—Forbear, sir knight, the language I detest;
Could thoughts like these inflame a virgin's breast,
At this sad time, when love's pernicious charms
Are all declin'd for martial deeds of arms?
And at my throbbing heart there's something too
Whisper'd within, that men are seldom true.

SIR CHAR.—Witness with me, ye gods! who rule the sky,
How far my nature is beyond a lie;
If I dissemble, may I ever be,
A sad example to posterity!
When first your fair angelic form I view'd,
The god of love my liberty subdu'd,
From your fair eyes he stole a fatal dart,
And sheath'd it reeking in my captive heart;
Nothing therefore can end my raging pain,
Unless for love you grant me love again;
For if you my fervent suit deny,
I, like the phœnix, in my nest will fry,
'Till cruel death shall finish all the strife,
And I in searching flames give up my life;
Then as my ghost to Paradise shall go,
I'll praise that heaven in you I leave below.

JEM.—Can flattery like this proceed from one
Whom all my thoughts are solely fix'd upon?
Your eloquence divine my heart does move,
And now in spite of virtue I must love.
Here take my hand; 'tis true the gift is small,
But when I can, I'll give you heart and all.

SIR CHAR.—Thanks to the gods! who such a present gave,
Such radient graces ne'er could man receive;
For who on earth has ever such transports known?
What is the Turkish monarch on his throne,
Hem'd round with rusty swords in pompous state?
Amidst his court no joys can be so great.
Retire with me, my soul, no longer stay
In public view, the general moves this way. [Exeunt.

[A flourish of trumpets within.]

Enter St. Ruth, Dorrington, and O'Neil.

St. Ruth—Is Sarsfield then return'd? O bless the day,
Draw out our troops to line the hero's way;
Amidst our shouts in triumph shall we come,
Like great Emilius when he enter'd Rome,
In pomp, bedew'd with Macedonian tears.

Dor.—Behold, my lord, Sarsfield the brave appears.

Enter Sarsfield.

St. Ruth—Now stand, distraction! here the conquest ends,
Thrice welcome to my heart thou best of friends,
The rock on which our holy faith depends;
May this our meeting as a tempest make
The vast foundation of Britannia shake,
Tear up their orange plants, and overwhelm
The strongest bulwarks of the British realm!
Then shall the Dutch and Hanovarians fall,
And James shall ride in triumph to Whitehall.
Then to protect our faith we will maintain
An inquisition here, like that in Spain.

Sars.—Most bravely urg'd, my lord; your skill I own
Would be unparallel'd had you saved Athlone.

St. Ruth—Probe not these wounds anew, lest they
Some fresh emotions to draw on our fate; [create
But rather let us some example show,
And issue forth on the imperious foe,
Who now comes on, like swelling waves, who roar
To dash on rocks, or break against the shore;
The latest letters from my spies do say,
That near the river Duck the Britons lay,
Secured of conquest and will hither come,
Like beast [illegible] guided by the moon.

Dor.—Thou fear 'em not whilst here we lie secure,
As ever Guiscard lay in great Namure:
You see, my lord, our camp on every side,
Is both by art and nature fortified;
For situation not a spot of ground
Like this in all Hibernia can be found.

[An alarm within.

[illegible]

TALB.—[illegible], my friends! the English are in sight,
And [illegible] to fight;
[illegible]
In [illegible] of France;
[illegible] fall,
And all our works [illegible] hill;
Our [illegible]
But fall like [illegible] the [illegible].

SIR [illegible]—[illegible] with [illegible] aid.

TALB.—[illegible] shall be [illegible].

[illegible] and [illegible],
[illegible] within.

SIR [illegible]—[illegible] my friends, and at the
Of [illegible] [illegible] hand
Draw forth [illegible]
To try the [illegible] of this doubtful day;
For sure the English [illegible] void of fear,
[illegible]
But should they [illegible] victorious hand
Shall fall [illegible] hand.

DOC.—[illegible] that we,
On [illegible]
Behind these hedges [illegible]
That may the [illegible] of the boy [illegible];
They shall [illegible] their [illegible]
If Scanderberg himself shall [illegible] our lines.

[A second alarm within.

Enter Sir Charles Godfrey, with his sword drawn and bloody.

SIR CHAR.—[illegible] quickly [illegible] yo [illegible]
[illegible]
In cold debates [illegible]
[illegible] hand,
Have paved [illegible]
Before the [illegible]
But all [illegible] his mighty hand.
More could I say, but horror stops my speech.

St. Ruth.—Nay [illegible] soldier, I
[illegible]

Sir Chas.—[illegible]
But since I [illegible]
Lord Portland's [illegible]
With sword in [illegible]
This Talbot [illegible]
Disdaining [illegible]
But as a Mass [illegible]
And [illegible]
Till being [illegible]
By [illegible] heavely died;
I strove in vain, and by his side I stood,
Till, as you [illegible] sword in blood.

Sarsf.—There fell as brave a soul, with honor fir'd,
As ever yet by force of war expired;
Then fly to arms, and for his sake who died,
Pursue, and charge the foe on every side.

St. Ruth.—Then letter not, but sound to arms with speed,
And for his sake ten thousand foes shall bleed!
Vengeance and war, [illegible] shall devour;
Athlone was sweet, but Aughrim will be sour,
But to defeat [illegible] with [illegible]
'Tis best we guard the pass of Ulrichroe;
Then hasten [illegible] and see the [illegible] lin'd
With musquet [illegible]
Draw up your [illegible] order to sustain
The [illegible]
You know, my heroes, I have oft imbrued,
These hands in blood, and heroes subdu'd;
So on this day, Rome's banners shall be spread,
To send these [illegible] to the dead.
Our church shall bless you, and her saints shall pray
That we may gain the [illegible] day;
Lewis shall guard you, I [illegible]
This sword, and sweep [illegible] the field.

Exeunt.

Drums and trumpets within.

Enter several [illegible] bearing the body of Col. Talbot on their [illegible], they lay him bloody on the stage.

Enter Emilia.

Jem.—Oh!——is he dead!——my soul is all on fire,
Witness, ye gods!——he did with those expire
For liberty,——a [illegible] made,
And fell, like Pompey, by some villain's [illegible].
There lies a breathless corpse, whose soul be'er hage
A thought but what was always just and true;
Look down from heaven, ye gods of peace and love,
Waft him with triumph to the [illegible] above;
And oh! ye winged guardians of the skies,
Tune your sweet harps, and sing his obsequies!
Good friends, stand off——whilst I embrace the ground
Whereon he lies——and bathe each mortal wound
With brinish tears, that like to torrents run
From these sad eyes, oh! heaven, I'm undone.
[Falls down on the body.

Enter Sir Charles Godfrey. He raises her:

Sir Char.—Why do these precious eyes, like fountains flow,
To drown the radiant heaven that lies below?
Dry up your tears, I trust his soul ere this
Has reached the mansions of eternal bliss.
Soldier—bear hence the body out of sight.
[They bear him off.

Jem.—Oh stay, ye murderers! cease to kill me quite:
[He holds her.
See how he glares! and see again he flies!
The clouds fly open, and he mounts the skies!
Oh! see his blood, it shines refulgent bright,
I see him yet—I cannot lose him quite,
But still pursue him on, and lose my sight.

Sir Char.—Enflance, my soul, dispel these gushing tears,
For see your Godfrey by your side appears.

Jem.—'Tis true thy sight is, at this fatal time,

[illegible]
[illegible]
You see the mangled [illegible] of all my woes.

Sir Cyan. — I saw him plain, that is no cause at all;
For [illegible] he did with honor fall,
Though like the [illegible], when darken'd by a [illegible],
You for a while your beauteous beams do shroud,
But when the eclipse is past and darkness o'er
You shine much brighter than you did before.
Then fair Dianne! retire with me this way,
View there our army, drawn in pomp away,
Amidst their ranks, inspired by you I'll fly,
So underneath thy banners bravely die:
But should I fall beneath the force of arms,
Let no proud victor dare to share your charms,
Rather first find me well ring with the slain,
Let thy blood too, like dew enrich the plain,
To mix with mine in one united stream.

[Exeunt.

[illegible] act.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Scene changes to the English camp.

Drum within [illegible] English grenadiers march. Enter Col. Herbert and Col. Earles, with their [illegible] drawn. Col. Earles sings.

March on brave boys, make good your ground,
Let all your sprightly trumpets sound,
To arms, and we will confound
These foes to the revolution.
Great Mars, the monarch of the field,
In shining [illegible] and shield,
Shall [illegible] and make them yield
To the glorious revolution.
Our rattling [illegible], like [illegible] of thunder,
Shall fill the [illegible] with fear and wonder,
To keep the pope and devil under,

And [illegible]
May [illegible]
Th [illegible]
Then let [illegible]
Succeeding [illegible]
Long live [illegible]
To curb the [illegible] of France [illegible]
And with his [illegible]
The [illegible]
Thus far [illegible]
By whose great force our brethren [illegible]
For see, my [illegible] the city [illegible]
That British [illegible]
The priesthood shall [illegible]
For in their [illegible]
Hamil.—[illegible]
In defence of [illegible]
Fir'd with [illegible]
And cultivate with [illegible]
[illegible] ground [illegible]
Though [illegible] in the way.

[Exeunt.

A table and [illegible] discovered within.

Enter, at another door, [illegible] Ginckle, [illegible]
Talmash, [illegible]

Hamil.—Defend great Ginckle, oh ye [illegible] and may
His mighty [illegible]
Ginc.—[illegible] to you,
Whether [illegible]
I hold it best [illegible]
And as fall on them by the [illegible]
But let us sit down here, and first [illegible]
Of proper means to gain the [illegible]

[They sit down.

Now I propose, great [illegible] to your view,
The [illegible]
[illegible]
That [illegible]

And [illegible]
Here, my [illegible]
[illegible] to the [illegible]
Their right [illegible]
Their left and [illegible] contain,
Extending [illegible] plain,
Europe [illegible] fortified
With rivers, [illegible] on every side;
Then speak, my lords, [illegible] your thoughts on right,
Shall [illegible] it or renew the fight?
Mark.—[illegible] my voice was even to pursue,
And with [illegible] renew;
Hazard [illegible] the glory [illegible]
Then let us fight [illegible]
[illegible] our faith devout,
With [illegible]
Submit [illegible]
Then think [illegible]
Let thoughts [illegible] minds enflame,
To add [illegible] name;
Relieve [illegible] with fame subdue
Rome's [illegible] idols, and their monkish crew,
Those [illegible]
[illegible] cause.
[illegible] touched
[illegible]
But [illegible] to fight:
For [illegible] daily seen,
They're five [illegible] eighteen;
A desperate odds, [illegible] the ground
With forts and [illegible] round,
A bag [illegible]
Besides the [illegible]
Weigh [illegible] then will you plainly see,
If we engage, [illegible]
Gene.—Send for [illegible] all night
[illegible] valley in their sight;
That when [illegible]
And Sol's fair [illegible] on the day,

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] band,
To drive out [illegible]

[illegible]

Karlan---My lord, this [illegible]
Lodg'd in my [illegible]
A herald from the [illegible] camp [illegible]
With [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]---Conduct him here---[illegible]
Will they [illegible]
It may be [illegible]---let see the [illegible]

[Re-enter [illegible]]

Do[illegible]
To General G[illegible]

Gin---[illegible]

Dom---[illegible]
That [illegible]
The Prince of [illegible]
And fix your [illegible]
Diffid[illegible]
Submissive [illegible]
My lord, [illegible]
Then shall [illegible]
Which [illegible] will do [illegible]

Gen---[illegible]
Tell him [illegible]
My [illegible]
Nor Spartan C[illegible]
For [illegible]
My British [illegible]
In glory [illegible]
Then [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
While [illegible]
[illegible]
The [illegible]

Don—[illegible]
My [illegible]
Lest you [illegible]
And curse [illegible]

Gine—Leave that, thou proud [illegible], if you dare
To [illegible]
Tell him from me [illegible], that on the plain
Nassau's undoubted sight we will maintain;
To-day [illegible] shall meet renown,
Wi[illegible] laurels shall adorn his crown.

Don—My lord, I take my leave, but not one night
You'll [illegible] and decline the fight.

[Exit Dorrington.

Hare—[illegible]; but rise my lords,
[illegible] well [illegible] swords,
Attack the [illegible] the fight,
[illegible] in the night.
[illegible] their hands,
To sit like [illegible] bold demands?
It cannot [illegible] the [illegible] fears,
Strive to [illegible] the [illegible] of former years;
Think [illegible] proud Prince to yield
At Agincourt, and [illegible] the field;
[illegible]
And [illegible]

[illegible] at [illegible] proceed
[illegible] thousands bleed.
Leiter no longer, but on St. Ruth's right,
Let our [illegible]
Of leaden balls begin the [illegible]
Which if they [illegible]
From [illegible]
So when that [illegible]
Our [illegible]

Gine—Agmad, [illegible] play
Where [illegible]
Th[illegible]
[illegible]
For [illegible]

[They all draw.

[illegible]
With [illegible]
On every side [illegible]
And die each man as [illegible] the day;
Protect us heaven, [illegible] we trust,
Prosper our arms, as this our cause is just.
Plant thy true word [illegible] in this poor isle,
Shield it from them who would thy faith defile;
Now, my brave friends, let us the [illegible] try,
No task is left us now, but how to die,
Then let us fall with glory o'er we yield,
Or with a sea of blood deluge the field.

[Exeunt severally.

Trumpets sound a charge within. Enter Lucinda.

Lucin.—O stay, my Herbert, I conjure you stay.

Re-enter Herbert.

Herb.—What would my ever fair Lucinda say?

Lucin.—Oh, don't engage to-day, I thee desire,
Last night me thought I saw you wrapt in fire,
All clad in flames, whilst angels did surround
Your lovely form and bore thee off the ground;
Then I beheld thee as a cherub rise,
And soar aloft to the celestial skies.

Herb.—What means, my soul—what signifies thy dream
It but portends I shall be crown'd with fame.
Hark—pray the glorious battle is begun,
And thund'ring cannons do eclipse the sun;
The trumpets' blast commands me to the fight,
Adieu, my fairest era, my soul's delight;
I must not be by women's counsel stay'd,
For [illegible] both must be obey'd.

Lucin.—[illegible] my Herbert [illegible]
My [illegible] and do not fight to-day;
Had Cæsar listened to Calphurnia's dream,
[illegible] he had ne'er been slain;
The mariner [illegible] the foaming sea,
And from [illegible] the [illegible] fands [illegible];
[illegible] to his comfort sees,
[illegible] with trees;
Then as he strives to enter with the tide,

[illegible]

[illegible]

To gain [illegible]

[illegible]

Of all [illegible]

[illegible]

And [illegible]

[illegible]

And [illegible]

[illegible] narrow way,

[illegible] in order to [illegible]

The [illegible]

Gust.— [illegible] the brave He[illegible]

[illegible]

The martial [illegible]

With [illegible] be [illegible]

[illegible] your [illegible]

Attempt the bog, and see your ground maintain'd,

'Till with fresh forces you shall be sustain'd.

Hen.— My lord, [illegible]

But meet with pleasure [illegible]

The [illegible] with ecstacy [illegible]

Tho' death [illegible] in the face.

Gust.— [illegible] we embrace, [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] parted, [illegible]

Or as two friends, who with [illegible]

Their [illegible] on the [illegible]

Each [illegible] and his [illegible]

To the wild [illegible] of the raging [illegible]

A rock, [illegible]
So [illegible]
He's swallow[illegible]
[illegible]
Our pilot from the rocks [illegible]
You see [illegible]
Best [illegible]
But [illegible]
They [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] will you go, my dear soul! oh how
[illegible]
[illegible]
That [illegible] my bridal night!
[illegible]
[illegible]
Oh [illegible]
To [illegible]
Which if you [illegible]
Shall pierce my heart [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
From [illegible]
Its [illegible]
That [illegible]
Banish your [illegible]
And from [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
To [illegible]

[illegible]

(Trumpets within.)

End of the Third Act.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Scene—The Plain of [illegible] between both [illegible]

[illegible]

Enter [illegible]

[illegible]

The [illegible]
[illegible]
While Mars in scorn surveys the battle round,
[illegible]
To [illegible]
[illegible] now the foe, like an [illegible]

[illegible]
They [illegible]
The [illegible] of you, all your [illegible]
Nor all the [illegible] battlements [illegible]
Her walls [illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Who [illegible]

[illegible]

Cleveland [illegible]

[illegible]

St. Ruth—[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Now conquest chirups in the liquid air,

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

fly,

For at the [illegible]

[illegible]

But if they [illegible]

[illegible]

Tal—[illegible]

No [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

And [illegible] in the [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] enterprise [illegible] God!

[illegible]

Their [illegible] and depart [illegible]

[illegible]

Earl [illegible]

[illegible]

And bravely [illegible] their former ground regain'd;

[illegible] Jupiter [illegible]

Decline his thunder [illegible]

In vain [illegible] from the sky [illegible]

[illegible] blood have [illegible]

And [illegible] Irish king.

Ginc.— [illegible] my lord, but [illegible] the [illegible]

[illegible] day.

[illegible]

[illegible]

By heaven's [illegible]
But [illegible]
Mouldet [illegible]
No [illegible]
[illegible] flutters round the pole
[illegible] I hover over the [illegible]
[illegible] the judgment day,
Over the Trucian [illegible] do I [illegible],
And [illegible] Lake in Charon's boat,
O'er Vulcan's [illegible] court, and sulphurous cave,
And ride like Neptune, on a briny wave,
List to the blowing notes of Ætnas flames,
And court the shades of the Amazonian dames:
Then take my flight up to the gleamy moon,
Thus do I wander till the day of doom.
Proceed I dare not or I would
A horrid tale, should make your blood run cold,
Chill all your nerves and sinews in a thrice,
Like whispering rivulets congeal'd to ice.

SIR. CHAP. [illegible] you depart me, ghost, I here [illegible]
[illegible] last divine command.

GHOST. [illegible]

My wand'ring shadow, destitute of breath,
[illegible] the orb of earth,
And hover down this good advice to bring,
That you would [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

Rouse up your native honour to your aid,
In William's right employ your trusty blade,
Show your achievements and the foe defy,
Then fall with honest sinews you're doom'd to die;
I'll hover o'er the fields till join'd by you,
Till then, my son, farewell—adieu—adieu.

[Vanishes.

Sir Charles solus.

Sir Char.—Gone, and forsook me! thus what can I do?
Love bids me stay, and glory cries pursue,
Which must I follow? here I cannot stay,
The sacred vision said I must obey
Its strict commands—then by this British hand,
I'll never more decline my native land,
But join my countrymen, and yet proclaim,
Nassau's great title to the crimson plain.

Enter Sarsfield and Dorrington, their swords drawn.

Sars.—Haste, noble knight, till we the charge sustain,
Full fifteen hundred of our foot are slain;
The British fire balls some few tents have burn'd,
And one large battery on ourselves is turn'd;
Now, gallant youth, or never, try your force.

Sir Char.—By heavens I'll not stir was it ten times worse!
Long let them prosper, nor retire from hence,
Till you atone for murder'd innocence.

Sars.—As heaven is witness or the conscious sun,
I knew not of it till the fact was done;
I never could, with such an act comply
As wilful murder.

Dor.—By the gods, nor I.

Enter St. Ruth.

St. Ruth—Courage, my thrice renown'd friends, for now
Shall laurels bind each conquering victor's [illegible];
Once more the English infantry retreats, [illegible]
Pursue, we'll drive them back to Dublin gates;
Fall on, my friends, a furious havock make,
How down whole cohorts, but their Ginchlenake!
Then as a terror to the following age,
Like Bajazet, I'll bind him in a cage.

(Exeunt.

End of the Fourth Act.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Scene—The hill of Kilcommoden.

Enter Sarsfield and O'Neill, their swords drawn.

Sarsfield.

Aughrim is no more, St. Ruth is dead,
And all his guards are from the battle fled;
As he rode down the hill he met his fall,
And died a victim to a cannon ball;
With him our lives and fortune all decay,
For now the unblinking cowards fall away.
O'Neill—Hope now is vain, no succour can
be [illegible]
And [illegible] his sable flag around;
But yet [illegible] too soon to yield to fate,
Nor sell our lives at an ignoble rate;
Here [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] O! my O'Neill, [illegible] my
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Death [illegible]

And one like you, on whom I may depend;
The cheerful pullcrest with signet stood,
To pierce their breast and feed their young with blood.
So shall this sword [illegible] each azure vein,
To let forth blood to feed the tragic plain.

O'Neil.—Oh, name not that, my lord, withstand their pow'rs
To sell this [illegible] which only now is ours;
Who falls with glory, annals do allow,
Shares equal laurels with the victor's brow.

Enter Dorrington, his sword drawn.

Dor.—Hence, noble friends, and save your lives by flight,
For its madness if you stand the fight;
Our cavalry the battle has forsack,
And death appears in each dejected look.
Nothing but dread confusion can be seen,
For saver'd heads and trunks o'erspread the green,
The fields, the vales, the hills, and vanquished plain,
For five miles round are cover'd with the slain:
Death in each quarter does the eye alarm,
Here lies a leg, and there a shatter'd arm,
There hands appear which [illegible] by mighty bangs,
And saver'd quite on either shoulder hangs.
This is the awful scene, my lords, oh fly!
Th' impending danger of your fate is nigh.

[illegible].—Oh spare the tale, my friend, nor let me hear
A sound so harsh, ill sounding in my ear:
[illegible] back at death, and thee with shame
Be ever branded with a coward's name?
Blast all my [illegible] thro' a dam'd disgrace,

Nor dare to look a soldier in the face,
Then beg for charity and seek relief,
Like Hannibal, the Carthaginian chief,
Who when by Scipio, he was overthrown,
He fled to Afric like a vagabond,
Cloth'd as a slave, dejected and obscure,
He wander'd all alone from door to door;
Then shall an Irish soul submit like him,
To forfeit honor and renounce a king?
No—here I will stand, and meriting applause,
Die all alone, if none will join the cause.

Don.—My lord, forbear, let not a thought so vain,
Within a brave Hibernian's bosom reign,
Your life will not for liberty atone;
Limerick and Galway are yet our own;
Then waste not time, but now to Limerick fly,
From whose great walls we may the foe defy;
Here hope is lost, for now upon my truth,
Sir Charles Godfrey, that young wait'rous youth,
Has taken part with the prevailing crew,
And to destruction does our post pursue.

O'Neil.—Curse on his soul; oh may I never depart—
'Till with this sword I reach the traitor's heart.

Enter some soldiers bearing St. Ruth bloody on their shoulders, they lay him on the stage, and throw a cloak over the body.

There let him lie, like Pompey, in his gore,
Which here's blood enrich'd the the Egyptian shore!
There lies the man whose deeds shall ever shine,
In Flanders, France, and all along the Rhine;
But here, thro' rashness, he [illegible] all,

And by his folly wrought Hibernia's fall.
O heavens! can nature bear the blasting sound
Of death or slavery on our native ground?
Why was I nurtured of a royal race,
And taught to stare destruction in the face?
Why was I not laid out a useless shrub,
And formed for some poor hungry peasant's cub,
To hedge and plough, and with unwearied soil,
To cultivate for grain, a fertile soil,
To watch my flocks, and range the pastures thro',
With all my locks wet with the morning dew,
Rather than being great, give up my fame,
And lose the ground I never can regain.

Don.—Forbear, victorious sir, and leave the field,
The earth's best generals have been fore'd to yield;
Victorious Darius was put to flight,
And Paulus fell at Cannæ's bloody fight;
Great Hannibal was by Scipio defeated,
And Regulus from Carthage walls retreated;
The great Goliah was by a shepherd slain,
And Gallic Philip gave up Cressy plain,
These mighty sirs were heroes in their time,
That did in hostile feats of arms shine;
Then cease, my lord, to Limerick fly with speed,
Nor waste a life of which we stand in need;
But serve your country yet, and void of fear,
At Limerick's gates we'll stop their swift career.

Sars.—Now stand, my friends, and extirpate your fears,
For there the limit of your fate appears;
But let me first view, and with a wishing eye,
This once renowned soil from whence we fly;
So Adam when he was from Eden driven,
He yet look'd back to view the promised heaven,

Then with a soul all [illegible] [illegible],
He prudg'd [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].
(A flourish of battle-drums and [illegible] within.)
Enter, with their swords drawn, the Generals Talmish, Mackay, and Sir Charles Godfrey, with soldiers.

TAL.—Take quarters, gentlemen, and on sight,
Or otherwise prepare to stand the fight:
Yet pray take pity on yourselves and yield,
For blood enough has stain'd the sanguine field,
'Tis Britain's glory, you yourselves can tell,
To use the vanquish'd hospitable well.

SARS.—Urge not a thought, proud victor, if you dare,
So far beneath the dignity of war:
I am a piet, and Sarsfield is my name,
And where this sword can reach, I dare maintain.
Life I [illegible], and death I recommend,
He breaths not [illegible] [illegible], who'll make me bend
My [illegible] to [illegible]; [illegible] proud foe, decline:
The length of this (shows his sword) because the spot is mine.

TAL.—If you are Sarsfield, as you plainly show,
You're that brave hero whom I long to know,
And wish'd to [illegible] you on the reaking plain,
For that feat of blowing up our train:
Then mark, my lord, for what I here contend,
'Tis Briton's holy church I now defend,
[illegible] William's right, and Mary's crown, these three.

SARS.—Why then fall on, Lewis and James for me.

[The Irish retreat fighting, and pursued by the English party off the stage.]

Enter Jemima, veiled.

Jem.—Where will my sorrows give me leave to rest?
O happy might they be in Godfrey's breast;
My conscious soul shall then contemn alarms,
So might I die with pleasure in his arms;
Yet now to find him whither shall I go!
Ye gods! was ever maid reduced so low?
The youth who binds my heart in Cupid's chains,
Has broke his vows, or is in battle slain.
But, turtle like, I'll to the groves retreat,
There search each drooping branch to find my mate,
For there per chance, he has been forc'd to fly,
From certain fate, and bloody tyranny;
But now he comes; the mortal sight I view,
With ghastly looks and in a bloody hue,
Enter Sir Charles, leaning on his sword, and wounded in several parts of the body.
Oh! welcome to my arms, my soul's delight!
[Embraces,
But, heavens! my heart bleeds inward at the sight,
To see the youth I lov'd thus bath'd in gore,
Curse on my stars, for heaven can do no more.
Sir Char.—Oh, my Jemima; for thou once were so,
Oh! look not on me, nor one glance bestow;
For know, thou fair angelic heavenly maid,
I'm perish'd, damn'd, and have my love betray'd;
The scorn of mankind let me ever be,
Nor let bright heaven shine on a wretch like me;
Oh look not down with them refulgent eyes,
On a curs'd slave like me who ling'ring dies!
But rather drive me from your charming sight,

And blot me out from your remembrance quite.

JEM.—Spare the sad tale, I cannot hear the rest,
You are not false, for I suppose the best.

SIR CHAR.—As heaven is witness, since the truth I must,
No crocodile was ever more unjust;
I have betray'd thee, oh! thou killing fair!
Why does the earth so vile a monster bear?
Earth yawn asunder, leave the centre fair,
and swallow my alive in damp'd despair:
There buried in oblivion, die and rot,
disdain'd by heaven, and by men forgot:
I'm curs'd—and mar'd by heaven for wronging innocence,
And hell itself will punish the offence;
For bound in shackles, I am doom'd to go,
To the dark abyss of the shades below;
Amidst the fight I did your cause desert,
With Britain's conquering sons to take a part,
When heaven, who ever does the fair defend,
Injustice overtook me in the end;
For as the Britons did the chase pursue!
In the pursuit, with this, much blood I drew.
(Showing his sword,
Which being view'd by an Hibernian lord,
He rally'd back, and with a brandish'd sword,
With furious force my person he assail'd,
And his strong genius o'er my sword prevail'd;
Thou heavenly fair, your aid I here implore,
To lay me down, and then I'll ask no more.
(He lets fall his sword and lies down on the stage.)
My optic nerves grow dim and lose their sight,
And all my veins are now exhausted quite,
Cold sweats bedew my ghastly looking face,

My life ebbs forth, and death comes on apace;
I fain would live to make amends for all,
But danger—adieu, my soul—you see your Godfrey fall.

JEM.—There fall as brave a youth with fame inspir'd,
As ever yet a virgin's breast had fir'd;
But sure the ghost will not be so unkind,
To soar to heaven, and leave me here behind;
No, it is just, ye gods, that cannot be,
He hovers on the wing—and waits for me,
But shall not long——this ends the mortal strife;
(Takes up his sword.
This puts an end to my worthless life;
Then after all my anguish, grief and pain,
In heaven, my love, we'll surely meet again.
Witness, ye gods! Jemima still was true,
And see what love can make a virgin do—
Let fair Hibernia's late sample tell,
That by the force of love Jemima fell;
This to my heart—so wretched world farewell.
(Stabs herself and dies.

Enter Gen. Ginckle, Marquis Ruvigny, with soldiers and an officer with colours, drums beating.

GIN.—May all the gods the auspicious evening bless,
That crowns Great Britain's arms with success,
There let our colours rule the vanquish'd plain,
As mighty emblems of Britannia's fame.
How came this lady here amongst the dead?
Some virtuous maid who for her lover bled,
Soldiers, bear hence these bodies from this place,
(They bear off the bodies.

An officer, [illegible] to bid the slaughter cease.
(Exit officer.
My brave Ruvigny, to you I must ascribe
This glorious conquest; for on every side,
Thy noble presence was to animate,
And bravely poise the scale of Britain's fate.

RUVIG—Oh spare the speech, my lord, and do not raise
Your tongue too lavish in your servant's praise,
For when our host seem'd ready to despair,
Some Inniskillen forces join'd our rear,
Who as brave souls the mighty shock sustain'd,
And vig'rously our former posts regain'd.

Enter Talmash and Mackay, with soldiers leading in Dorrington and O'Neil, as prisoners.

GING—Speak, gallant soldiers, is the country clear,
Have we no foes nor ambuscades to fear?

TAL.—Not one, my lord, save what are pris'ners ta'en;
No Irishman does near our camp remain,
To a large bog their foot have took their way,
And all their horse are fled towards Loughrea:
These men, my lord, as from the chace we came,
We found them lying wait'ring with the slain.

GIN—Hail mighty Dorrington, thus low we bow.
(Bowing.
Shall we disown the Prince of Orange now?
Must we disband our legions and restore
Your abdicated king to rule once more?
It could not be. I did the act disown,
For mighty William yet enjoys the throne.

DOR.—Forbear, my lord, nor thus insult me so,

Is this right usage for a captive foe?
Had but St. Ruth reviv'd the tragic fight,
To Dublin gates you would have taken your flight;
For know, proud conqueror, by your lordship's leave,
Our soldiers were superior, and as brave.

GINC.—Reply no more, here see these prisoners sent,
With a strong guard of soldiers to my tent;
Let them keep asunder, till we learn
How we their marshall'd troops may yet disarm,
(Exit soldiers with Derrington and O'Neil,
For by examining it may be found,
How in the more we may the bog surround.

TAL.—There's none remains entire for the night,
Debar'd each soldier from his fellow's sight;
And that they might be light to run more fast,
Their belt and arms, and all away they cast:
Four hundred soldiers we have pris'ners got
And seven thousand lieth on the spot.
Their tents and baggage as our soldiers' spoil,
Shall be free plunder to reward their toil;
This have we gain'd, by heavens 'tis really true,
With all the cannon, arms, and colours too.

MAC.—To let this victory be more signal seen,
Send all their colours to the British queen,
As lasting emblems of their total fall,
To grace in mighty pomp Westminster hall.

GINC.—It shall be done, but till the morning light
Let our fierce soldiers guard the field at night:
Let our small arms and our stand'ring cannon
Proclaim our conquest to the vanquish'd shannon;
Let Rome in silence and affliction weep
And let our shouts proclaim it to the deep.

TAL.—My lord, the armorr master's list does tell,
How many English in this battle fell,
A small account, considering what we gain,
Seven hundred wounded and as many slain.

GING.—Oh wond'rous God! who can the battle guide,
And give a conquest to the weaker side,
Sure thy tremendous hand the battle fought,
When England's daring foes were brought to nought,
Now my brave friends, here to refresh we'll stay,
Then next to Galway bravely post our way,
There on its walls our British flag display.
From thence to Limerick with our forces haste,
And in our march lay forts and castles waste;
With fury make the gates of Limerick quake,
With our dread cannon make its basis shake;
Convert the garrison to England's use,
And by one mighty storm the land reduce.
Now speed your cherubs through the liquid air,
To mighty William's court the tidings bear:
Great Queen once more our conquering arms bless,
Let Britain's arms ever meet success,
O'er this poor land the lasting truth convey,
And guard this isle we have redeem'd to-day.

(Exeunt, with drums beating and colours flying.)

FINIS.